his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the child, yea quoth he, doest thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not Iule? *And by my holydam, the pretie wretch left crying, and said I: to see now how a iest shall come about: I warrant, and I should liue a thousand yeares, I neuer should forget it: wilt thou not* Iule *quoth he? and pretie foole it stinted, and said I.*

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. *Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to thinke it should leaue crying, and say I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it brow, a bump as big as a young Cockrels stone: a perillous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fallst vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou commest to age: wilt thou not* Iule? *It stinted, and said I.*

Iuli. And stint thou too, I pray thee Nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace, thou wast the prettiest babe that ere I nurst, and I might liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.

Old La. Marrie, that marrie is the very theame
I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Iuliet*,
How stands your dispositions to be married?

Iuliet. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurse. *An houre, were not I thine onely Nurse, I would say thou hadst suckt wisedome from thy teate.*

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now, yonger then you
Here in *Verona*, Ladies of esteeme,
Are made alreadie mothers by my count.
I was your mother, much vpon these yeares
That you are now a maide, thus then in briefe:
The valiant *Paris* seekes you for his loue.

Nurse. A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all the world. Why hees a man of waxe.

Old La. Verona's Sommer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. *Nay hees a flower, in faith a very flower.*

Old La. What say you, can you loue the Gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast,
Reade ore the volume of young *Paris* face,

And

And find delight, writ there with bewties pen,
Examine euery married liniament,
And see how one an other lends content:
And what obscurde in this faire volume lies,
Finde written in the margeant of his eyes.
This precious booke of loue, this vnbound louer,
To bewtifie him, onely lacks a Couer.
The fish liues in the sea, and tis much pride
For faire without the faire, within to hide:
That booke in manies eyes doth share the glorie
That in gold claspes locks in the golden storie:
So shall you share all that he doth possesse,
By hauing him, making your selfe no lesse.

Nurse. No lesse, nay bigger women grow by men.

Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of *Paris* loue?

Iuli. Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue.
But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,
Then your consent giues strength to make flie. *Enter Seruing.*

Ser. Madam the guests are come, supper seru'd vp, you cald, my young Lady askt for, the Nurse curst in the Pantrie, and euerie thing in extremitie: I must hence to wait, I beseech you follow straight.

Mo. We follow thee, *Iuliet* the Countie staies.

Nur. Go gyrle, seeke happie nights to happie dayes.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, *with fiue or sixe other Maskers, torchbearers.*

Romeo. What shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apologie?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid*, hudwinckt with a skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted bow of lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crowkeeper.
But let them measure vs by what they will,
Weele measure them a measure and be gone.

Rom. Giue me a torch, I am not for this ambling,

Being